







## EXTRACTS.

## WHEN SPRING-TIDE COMES.

You change draws near, O changeless land of gray!  
The dull brown plain, so silent woods and snow!  
How will be blue and Earth be green and gay,  
And birds and bees, the joyous, and life be gay!  
When Spring-tide comes.

For over the fields will sound the new lamb's bleat;  
The bark will mount his topmost stair of song;  
From high oaks boughs the trouble and tocsin sweet  
Of thunders and blackbells ring all day long.

The woodland branch will dart its winged spray;

The palm-gold road its cushion, where by when  
The angels' robes will the cleav'd raise!

The arms-enclosed will silently unfold.

And soon the wavy covers, and bards of green,  
Arrived in vestments all of delicate hue,

Met for the court of the miasma, will pass

Troops of white flowers and yellow, pink, and blue.

The shy wind will nuzzle 'neath the mossy trees;

Timorous and violet hush the mossy leaves;

Cupid and wing'd sprout o'er the dews and leas,

Robin and lady-smock o'er meadows dark.

The times will reddish and the oaks crimson;

To constant boughs a glistening dew will rise;

The feathering elders to the lake sleep down;

The virgin boughs open their crimson eyes.

And then, watch how patiently we wait,

A touch stings our boughs. The beecheen tops

To-day are golden, willow-wands are gay;

Tomorrow a green cloud enfolds the earth;

If perchance an east-wind from the North,

Or earth air tainted with the Orient's guile,

Shrub and leaf and blossom bring redly teeth,

The sun will rise and heal them with a smile.

From the South will stream a gentle breeze;

And bid the fervid ones of the larches fresh,

From the rough oak woe tender-sheets, and last

Uncles the rill finger of the miasma.

With field and wood that bathed in clear green light,

And ringing with bird voices night and day,

Tolls hyacinth blue and hawthorn white;

Will God's good Earth renew her in May.

And ye, Oh, tempest fancy and bold heart!

Petrels and chilton in Whiter's prig so long,

Will not the touch of sunshine make ye start,

Put on new plumes and tune a fresher song,

When Spring-tide comes?

The Academy.

DEATH OF THE HERO OF KARS.

The death of General Sir William Fenwick Williams of Kars, review some of the most

tiring memories of the Russian War of 1854.

The events of that war are fading

into the oblivion of history, a whole

generation has grown into manhood since

it was waged. Its effects have been largely

obscured by the subsequent march of

events, and its interest and importance have

been completely eclipsed by the gigantic

military enterprises which the world has since witnessed.

But eight-and-twenty years ago, when Kars had just been gallantly

surrounded by the veteran

who died on Wednesdays, in the fulness

of years and of honour, the whole country

rang with the fame of his heroic achievement.

Sophiopolis, it is true, has been captured to

the great glory of the Allies, but the

repute of the British troops at the Redan,

and the disclosure of "Blackmail" called

the Crimean deluge, had

constituted a certain element of bitterness

to the satisfaction felt in England at the

victory achieved over Russia. Paradoxical

as it may seem, the gallant defence of Kars

by Williams, unsuccessful though it was

in the end, was regarded at the time as great

glory for England than the capture of

Sophiopolis itself. Williams and his staff

were no sooner released from their confinement in Russia than they became the heroes of

the war. They had defended the place for

months against an overwhelming Russian

force, commanded by a skilful general;

they had infused a spirit of extraordinary endurance into the half-starved

and ill-armed Turkish troops who

formed their only garrison; they had

twice repulsed the determined assault

of their besiegers, and they had capitulated

at last, not because they were vanquished in

battle, nor because their fortifications had

been breached, but because their food was

exhausted, and there was no prospect of

relief from any quarter. The work they had

undertaken was accomplished, however,

Kars had held out until Sebastopol had

been taken and until the winter was at hand.

Peace came with the spring, and Kars

was more wretched from the Russian grasp

and restored to the Ottoman Empire. The

story of its gallant defence was strewed

over the story of the Duke of Marlborough,

and the Duke of Wellington, who

had served under General Williams in

the heroic city and taken charge of its

hospital. On the capitulation of the fortress Dr. Sandwith was released as one

companion, and forthwith returned to Eng-

land, where his services were promptly

recognised. The whole country was stirred

by the story of the duke, and Sir William

Fenwick Williams was acclaimed as the

chief hero of a war which had tarnished so

many reputations. Williams had served a

long apprenticeship in Oriental countries

before his opportunity came in the service

of Kars. He had officiated as British Com-

mmissioner in the Conference which preceded

the British Government on a Commis-

sion appointed to settle the frontiers of

Turkey and Persia. It was natural,

therefore, that his great experience of

men and manners in the East should be

utilised when the war broke out in 1854.

He was appointed British Commissioner to

the Turkish forces, and in this capacity he

was attached for a short time to the head

quarters of Lord Raglan at Varna, when the

allied troops were encamped there, in the

summer of 1854, before the expedition to the

Crimea. He was subsequently despatched

to Balaclava, and in 1855, having after con-

siderable hesitation and delay, been nomi-

nated for, or General by the Sultan, he as-



troops beleaguered in Kars. For the delay

which preceded his appointment, and the

difficulties and impediments cast in his way

by the Turkish Administration—their as-

now, corrupt, feeble, and apathetic—con-

siderable blame was cast at the time on Lord

Stratford de Redcliffe, the British Ambas-

sador at the Porto. For weeks and months

the urgent letters and representations of

Williams were disregarded by "the great

Elk," who probably had more than enough

on his hands in the demands made upon him

by the allied expedition to the Crimea.

However this may be, Lord Stratford de Red-

cliffe incurred great obloquy in England

when the correspondence was published and

exposed the attention of Parliament at a

time when the Crimean blunders were fresh

in the public mind, and Williams was at the

height of his fame. When, however, Wil-

liams was at last recognised by the Porte

and appeared at Kars invested with sub-

stantial rank and authority, the pascha

at that place soon found they had met their

mentor. He found corruption and pecu-

liation universal, but by a fine, unceas-

ing vigilance and exertion he gradually

brought out of confession, inspired the

troops with confidence and the delinquents

with terror, and under his display in this

respect, he was a true, honest, and able

man. When he had got his command at

Kars he was a good, strong, and able

man, well remembered for his daily

baths at Diopshi. First, his Royal High-

ness's physician who had solanum to

the paunch of the Sultan, and

the paunch of the Sultan, and